

Expecting by AllisonDiamond

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Summary:

Series of moments detailing the crazy antics of expecting parents Jonathan and Steve.

Expecting

Month 3

"You sure you want the cake too?" Jonathan watches in disbelief as Steve pours the mayo over the donuts and shoves them in his mouth.

"Damn, honey, if I wasn't carrying your spawn, I'd have killed you! Now give me the damn cake! And take your sweater off and hand it over. I'm freezing!"

Jonathan shakes his head. "You already stretch out all of my clothes. I'm not giving you my sweater. It's my last good one."

Steve stops. "Now, you listen, and you listen real good, you're going to take that damn sweater off, and give it to me! You owe it to me. You're the one who did this to me!" he points to his slightly blued stomach.

Jonathan sighs and takes his sweater off and hands it over to his lovely, lovely husband.

"That's what I like to see." Steve smirks, and struggles to force the sweater over his head. "Ugh! 'M so fat," he mumbles.

"No, you aren't." Jonathan moves toward his adoring husband and helps him getting the sweater down.

When the sweater finally goes down, Steve turns around, and glares. "Now where's my damn cake? I swear Jonny-boy, I'm going to throw you out on the streets! You never do anything I ask you to do."

"I'll show you who don't do anything," he mutters under his breath.

"Did you say anything something? 'Cause I don't appreciate you talking behind my back."

"No, dearest, I'm just getting you that damn cake you like so much."

“Good. And make me a smoothie — that one with the pickles and frosting!”

“Yes, dear.”

Month 6

Steve stands in front of the mirror, frowning, as he looks at the tight clothes around his body.

“You need maternity clothes,” Jonathan says, standing behind the door, arms folded across his chest.

“Don’t I know? Tell me something I don’t know.”

Jonathan moves closer to Steve, slides his hand round Steve’s waist, bending down to nuzzle his neck.

“None of that, you horndog!” Steve relaxes into his touch.

“Mhmm, as you say, dearest.” Jonathan kisses the tender skin on Steve’s neck, careful not to irritate Steve’s bond mark.

“You’re not helping, asshole.” Steve sighs. “I’m telling you I’m getting fat, and all you want is to have sex!”

“You look so damn good right now,” Jonathan begins, but Steve cuts him off, shoving him off him.

“None of that, you horndog! I’m trying to have a conversation here.”

“Fine, what do you want to talk about?”

“So, I’m fat, aren’t I? Like really fat?”

Jonathan opens his mouth to say something, but closes it back.

“Oh lord, you think I’m fat! I knew it! That’s why you never bought me the ice cream.”

"I don't think you're fat, Steve," he drawls. "And I did get you the ice cream. You threw it away saying I'm fattening you up."

"Hah, I'd never do that." He huffs.

"As you say, asshole."

Month 9

"Jonathan?"

Jonathan gets up from under the comfort of his bed and rushes to his loving husband. "What? Are you—" He stops in mid-sentence. "—Are you kidding me? How did you get up there?"

Steve frowns. "How you think, asshole?"

"God damn, did you have to wake me up to get you down from the damn Christmas tree?"

"Yes!" he hisses.

"The things I do for you. You owe me one, asshole."

"You don't say that to your pregnant husband." Steve steadies himself, as Jonathan gently lifts him off the tree.

"You happy now, dearest?" Jonathan shakes his head, hands full of Steve. "You're damn heavy."

"Geez, like I don't know. You try carrying another person in you!"

"I think I'm good," he says, taking a minute to breathe suddenly when he hears a rushing sound. "Are you kiddin' me? You've gotta be jokin'."

"SHUT UP, ASSHOLE! My water just broke!"

Jonathan sighs. "I figured that much out."

“You ass!”

Jonathan sighs.

Year 0

“He’s beautiful, isn’t he?” Steve says weakly, smiling at his newborn son in his arms.

“Very. Like you,” Jonathan lets out, currently in awe of his son.

“Not now, horndog.”

Jonathan gives him a look. “Right. ‘Cause I want to do you with my newborn kid in the room.”

“I was just joking, Jonny.” Steve shakes his head.

“I know,” he says quietly. “Shouldn’t he be crying?”

“Crying? No kid of mine will ever cry?!” Steve puts out, snuggling his child closer to his chest.

“God damn, Steve, be serious.”

“I am!”

Author's Note:

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